

# PANTOMIME



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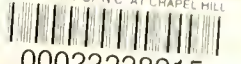
GEORGE HENTON'S PANTOMIME



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# PANTOMIME



A PICTURE SHOW  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS

LONDON  NEW YORK  
Broadway, Ludgate Hill. 9 Lafayette Place.

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"We want to see the pantomime!" cry Harry, Bess and Lou;

"We want to see the pantomime! Oh, nurse, do take us! do!"

The clown does very funny things in such a funny way

That everybody has to laugh. O, let's go there to-day!"















The children tease, and nurse consents ; and then away they go,  
With eager feet and radiant smiles, to see the lively show ;  
The tickets soon are bought, and they are seated every one,  
Impatient to behold the Clown, and to enjoy the fun.  
Clown, Pantaloon, and Harlequin, and Columbine appear ;  
The Clown is jealous ; Pantaloon he seizes by the ear ;  
Then Harlequin, unseen by them, his magic wand swings round,  
And neither he nor Columbine can anywhere be found.  
The Clown is half distracted ; oh, his brain is in a whirl !  
In every nook and corner he goes searching for the girl ;  
While Pantaloon delightedly runs forward to embrace  
A monstrous Chinese jar that takes the pretty maiden's place.  
The Clown and Pantaloon start off together down the street,  
And come across a poultry-shop. Aha ! here is a treat !  
And underneath the window—oh, it gives the Clown delight—  
Are nice fat geese, with yellow bills, and feathers soft and white.  
Old Pantaloon is put on guard, the Clown a window breaks,  
And very firmly by the neck each goosey-gander takes,  
And when he finishes his haul, and turns to count his geese,  
He finds that he and they are in the hands of the police.

















The Clown is a very good nurse ; he goes  
 And dresses the pig in the baby's clothes,  
 And feeds it well ; while the baby lies  
 In the cradle, and loud for its dinner cries.

The Clown next opens a barber-shop,  
 And sharpens his razors on leather strop,  
 And seems to say in his merry glee,  
 " Oh, no one can lather and shave like me ! "

He lathers his customer far too well ;  
 The man springs up with a frightful yell,  
 And threatens to knock the poor barber down,  
 But is quieted soon by the artful clown.





As Pantaloon stands as if lost in thought  
 And very much pleased with the rocket he's  
     bought,

The Clown comes along and begins to admire  
 The curious thing like a little church spire.

He studies it closely; he measures its size ;  
 Now looks very foolish, and then very wise ;  
 And makes such grimaces the children all cry,  
 " Hurrah ! and hurrah ! give us Fourth of July ! "

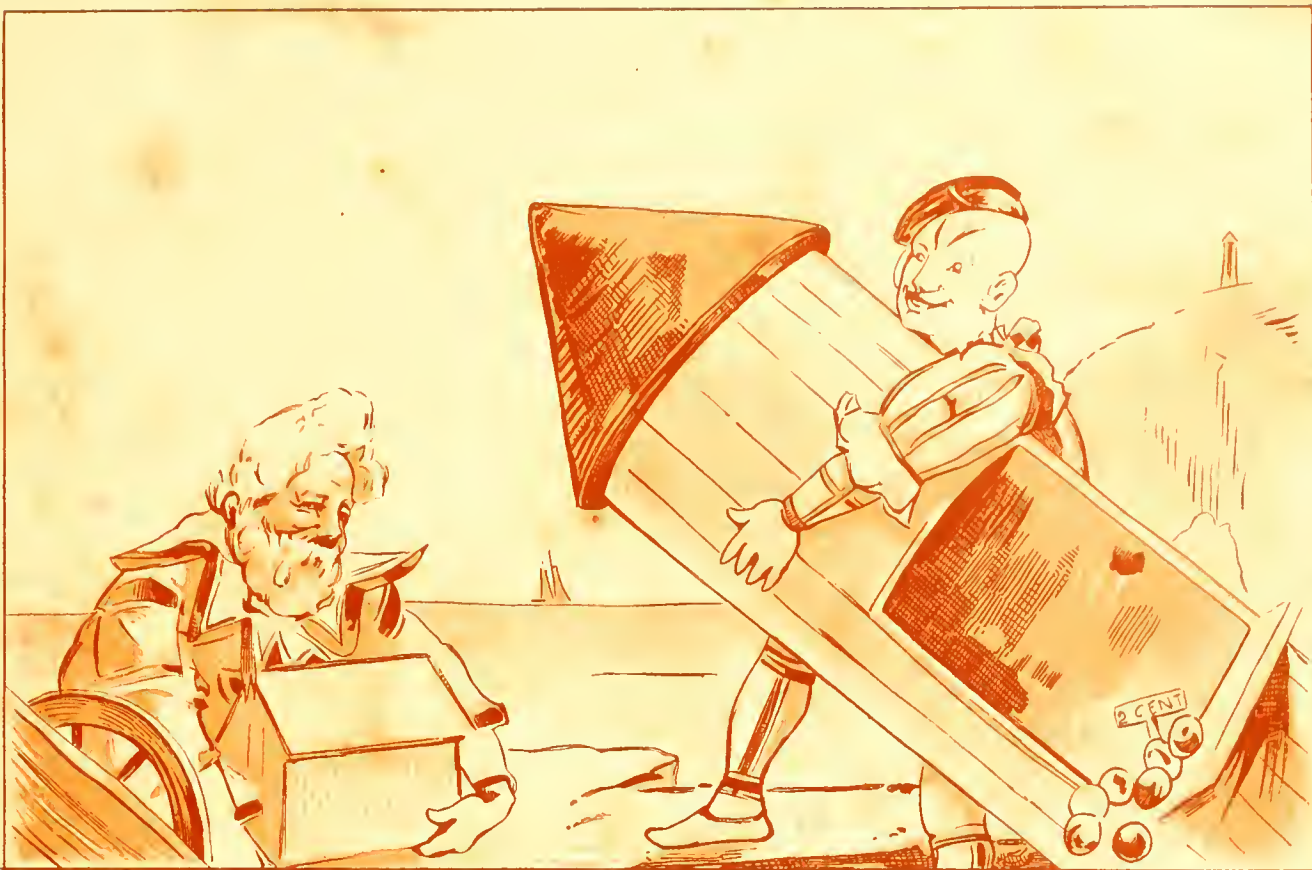
The Clown tries to steal the big rocket ; but no ;—  
 Pantaloon holds it fast and will not let it go ;  
 And although not a word has been said in these scenes,  
 'Tis easy to tell what the pantomime means.

The Clown then pretending that he under-  
     stands  
 All about the tall rocket in Pantaloon's hands,  
 Lights a slow match, and touches it off ! and  
     oh, my !  
 Away goes poor Pantaloon up to the sky !

There's a whizz, and a flash, and a great deal  
     of smoke,  
 And the Clown looks as if he enjoyed his fine  
     joke,  
 Though a little bit scared—you can see by his  
     face—  
 And glad that he isn't in Pantaloon's place.







Then the Clown thinks awhile and would have it appear  
That he is a genius ; a smart engineer,  
Who can build a torpedo, or steamboat so grand,  
Out of any material coming to hand.

An apple-stand first he secures as a prize,  
Then boxes—whatever their shape or their size ;  
It matters but little ; and soon from the wharf  
Behold the gay steamboat prepared to set off !

The Clown is the captain ; Pantaloon is  
the mate ;  
Unheeding the danger they rush to  
their fate ;  
“ Toot-toot ! ” says the whistle. “ Bang-  
bang ! ”—there’s a flash !  
And the steamboat and everything else  
go to smash !











The children have to get their  
breath,  
And have to settle down ;  
They've almost laughed themselves  
to death  
To see the funny Clown ;

And yet they haven't had their fill  
Of fun, and are perplexed  
To know what tricks of wit and  
skill  
He'll furnish for them next.

They have not long to wait ; the  
bell  
Goes "Tinkle ! tinkle !" clear,  
And there's a shop with meat to  
sell  
Of mutton, beef, and deer.

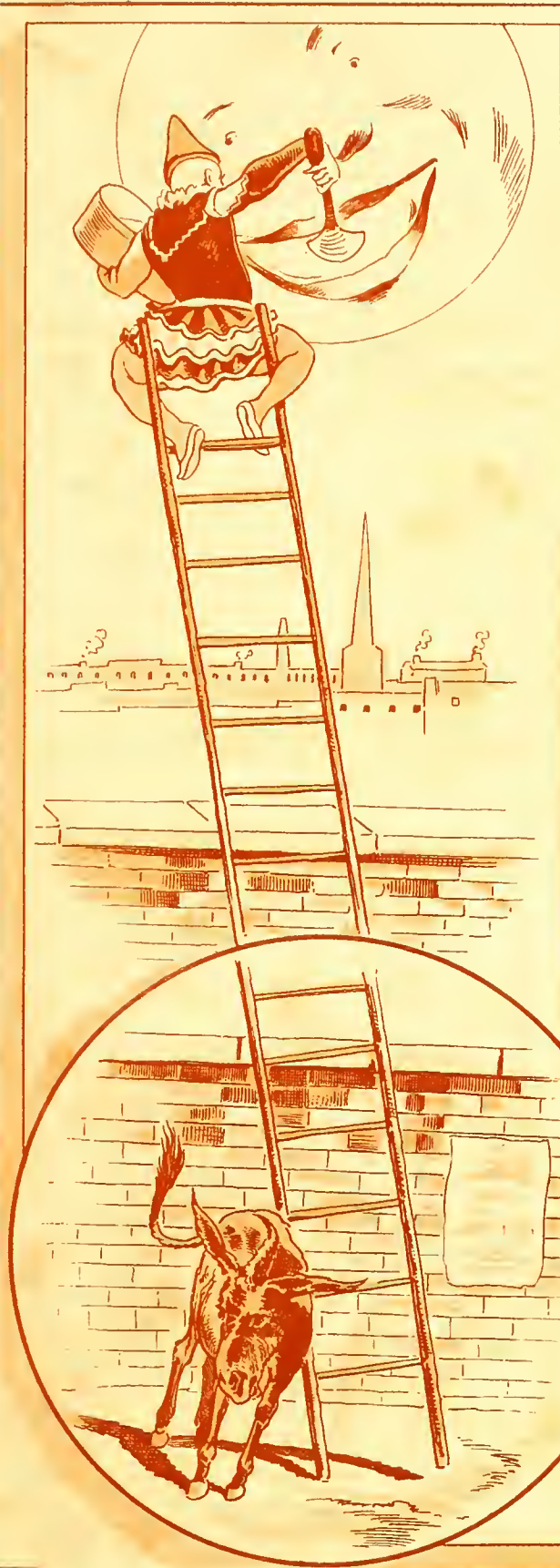
The Clown and Pantaloon come  
slow  
With mischief in their looks,  
And see the meat that's hanging  
low  
Outside, upon the hooks.

The butcher's fallen fast asleep ;  
'Twill serve him right, if they  
With sausages, and beef, and  
sheep,  
Should coolly walk away.

They hide the meat, then wait  
to see,  
Still laughing in their sleeves,  
How angry will that butcher be  
Who did not watch for thieves!







The Clown went up with a bowl and  
spoon  
To feed the hungry man in the moon ;  
His mouth was large and the spoon  
was small,  
And he nearly swallowed the Clown and  
all.

The ladder was long ; and oh, what a  
shame !  
A poor little innocent donkey came  
And rubbing his back against it, soon  
Upset the Clown with his bowl and  
spoon !





The Clown, as he parades about,  
Perceives a man distressed with  
gout ;  
On crutches lo ! his way he makes,  
And groans at every step he takes.

The naughty Clown will play a  
trick  
On anybody, well or sick,  
And so, as softly as he can,  
He steals behind the crippled man.

Pretending not to see or know,  
He treads upon the gouty toe,  
Which makes the sick man jump  
and howl,  
And dance about with fiendish growl.

The Clown and Pantaloon appear  
Within a workshop very queer,  
Where they are free to help them-  
selves  
To all they see upon the shelves.

The crucible is on the fire ;  
The blaze old Pantaloon blows  
higher.  
Until the contents of the pot  
Are bubbling up and boiling hot.

The Clown, who's anxious to begin  
His work, then puts his finger in,  
But brings it quickly out again  
And shrieks, and cries, and groans  
with pain,  
And shows his wide extended paw  
Held tightly in a lobster's claw.











Fun-loving Pantaloon and Clown,  
Would take a journey out of town,  
And so the passing coach they stop,  
And Mr. Clown is soon on top.

They dash along through thick and  
thin,  
And other passengers get in,  
And every one seems glad and gay,  
As if out for a holiday.

The Clown has on his Sunday hat,  
And bows first this way and then  
that,  
The driver cracks his whip, and lo!  
They're off! they're off! Ho! tally-ho!



The road is smooth ; the horses make  
Good time without a single break,  
And with his antics and his jokes,  
The Clown amuses all the folks.

But there's the mischief now to pay !  
The horses start and run away !  
Upset the coach ! and with a bound  
Spill all the people on the ground !

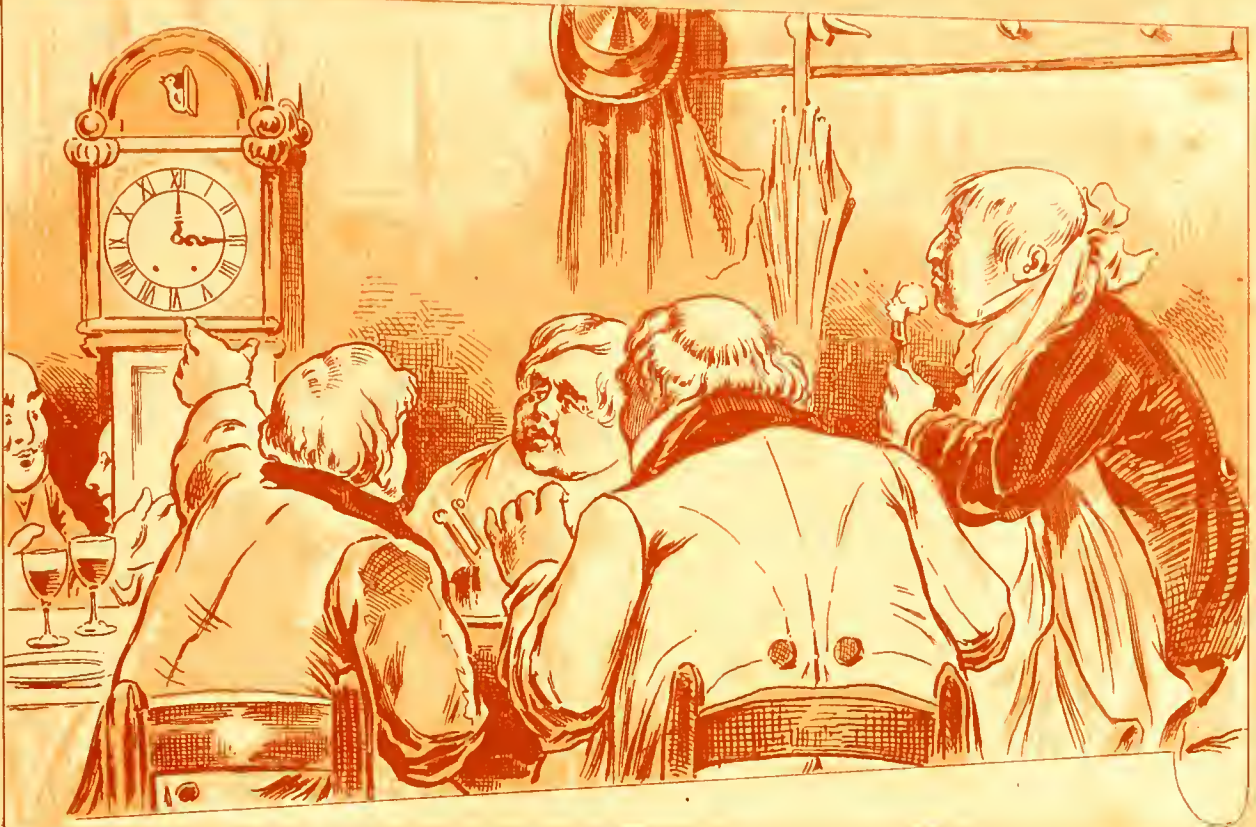
Poor Pantaloon is full of groans,  
You'd think he'd broken all his  
bones ;  
And oh ! there is a lively time,  
At this part of the pantomime









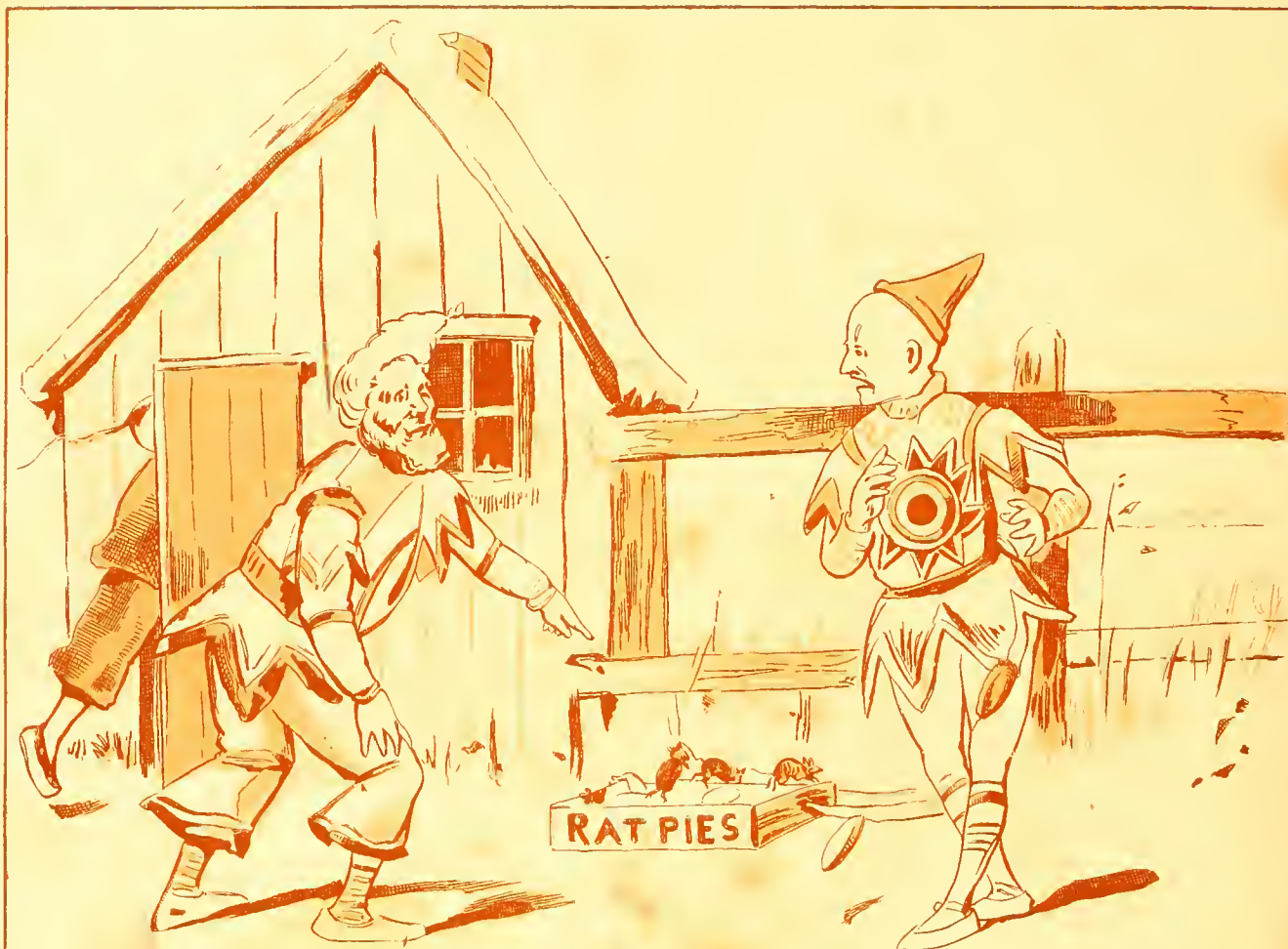


Some great men sat at a festive board,  
And very freely the wine was poured ;  
Of roasted turkey and beef they ate,  
And talked and talked till the hour was late.

One looked at the clock, and was scared to see  
The hands were just on the stroke of three,  
And the others looked up in as great surprise,  
And really couldn't believe their eyes.

They hurried away from the table fast  
And left unfinished their rich repast,  
While the Clown stole out of the clock, where  
he

Had turned the hands till they stood at three,  
And very contentedly ate his fill  
Of goodies, not caring who paid the bill.



'Twas really very wonderful how still the children sat,  
How well they understood the jokes that they were laughing at,  
And older ones who'd seen the tricks a dozen times before,  
Were just as ready to applaud, and loudly call for more.

The Clown and Pantaloon went off to see what they could see,  
And came across a shanty where there lived a young Chinee ;  
His hair was braided in a cue, and he had slanting eyes,  
And was reported to have made some most delicious pies.

The rats ran all about the place ; big rats and little mice ;  
Now here, now there, now everywhere ; it really wasn't nice ;  
And Clown and Pantaloon decided that it would not suit  
Their taste to eat those pies and things. They didn't like the fruit.





But Sam Foo Lee is not inclined to let them get away  
Without disposing of the wares he carries on his tray ;  
“ Two bits ! two bits ! ” he pantomimes ; ' tis surely very “ sheep , ”  
And he's in need of money, and would like to make a heap.

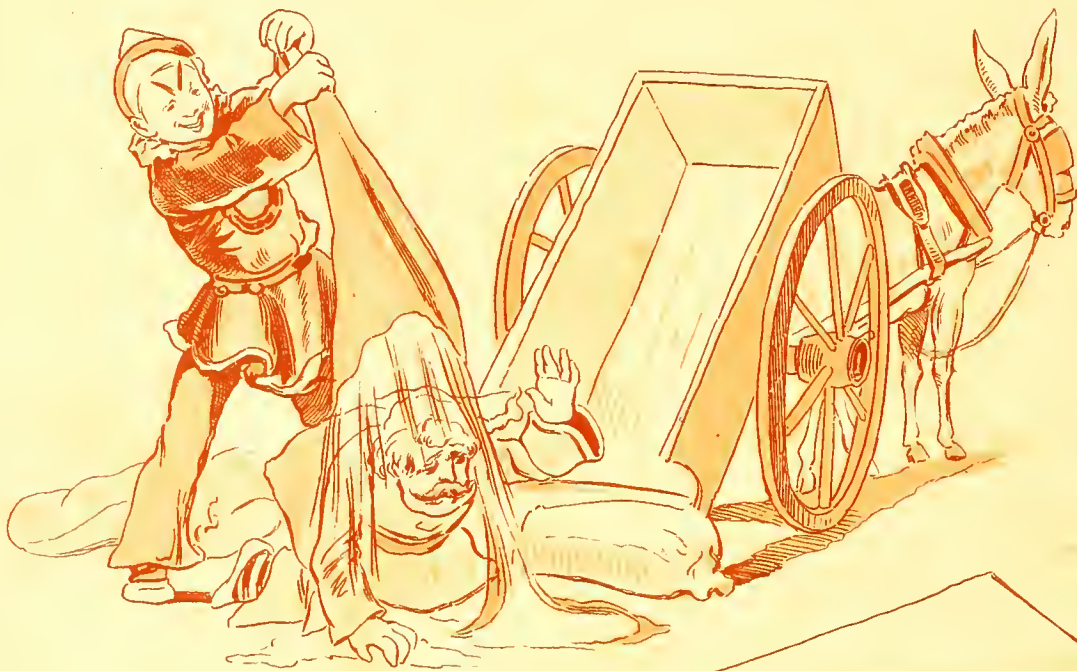
Old Pantaloon is very fond indeed of mutton pies,  
And rubs his hands, and scans the tray with greedy, longing, eyes,  
The while the Clown is teasing Sam Foo Lee in such a way,  
The latter thinks he means to take the contents of the tray.

“ Miaow ! miaow ! ” the Clown exclaims, as if a dozen kits  
Were coming down the street to tear the Chinaman to bits ;  
And Sam Foo Lee slinks off at last, expressing his surprise  
That ' Melican man should be so queer as not to love rat pies.









The farmer leaves his cart awhile on his return from mill,  
To whisper to the pretty maid who lives below the hill,  
And soon the Clown has hid himself among the bags of wheat,  
And Pantaloon has perched himself upon the driver's seat.

The donkey knows its master and is quick to play its part,  
And with a sudden kick and jerk upsets the loaded cart ;  
The farmer turns around to see the cause of all this clatter,  
The maiden looks alarmed, and wonders what can be the matter.

Away runs Pantaloon with speed ; up gets the nimble Clown,  
And in his haste to catch him, lo ! the farmer tumbles down ;  
The Clown a bag then seizes with a joy he can't conceal,  
And deluges the farmer with a lot of Indian meal.





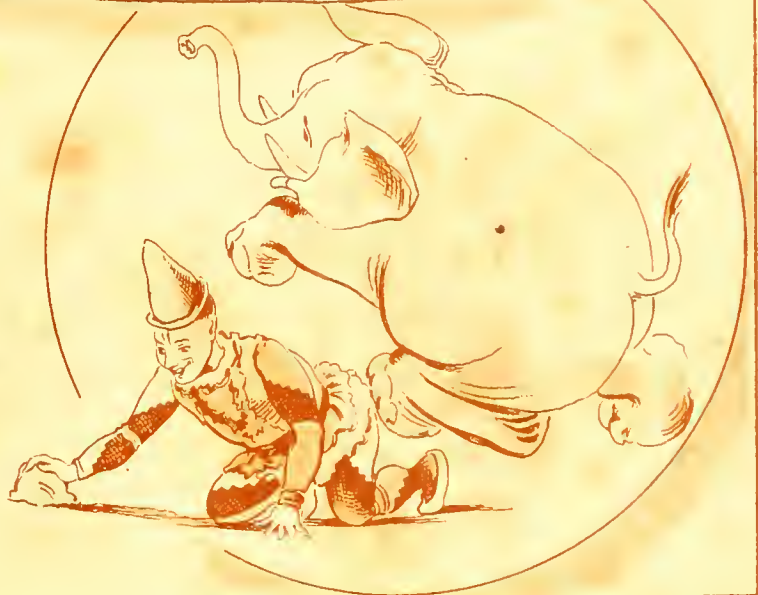
As Mister Clown was walking down,  
In search of mischief through the town,  
He chanced to spy the butter-man,  
And after him he slyly ran.

From out the basket then he stole  
A very firm and yellow roll,  
And with it greased the road, alas!  
Till it was slippery as glass.



A woman came—he knew her well—  
And she'd five dozen eggs to sell ;  
She slipped ; up went her feet and legs !  
And oh, you should have seen those eggs !

The Clown, delighted with his trick,  
Spread on more butter very thick,  
On which an elephant slipped down  
And flattened out the astonished Clown.





The cats disturb the Clown's repose,  
And will not quiet keep ;  
He hides his head beneath the clothes,  
But cannot get to sleep.

All night they kick up such a fuss,  
While brightly shines the moon,  
And nothing but a blunderbuss  
Will make them change their tune:

He takes good aim. "Bang! bang!"  
There is  
No cat upon the shed,  
And with a smile upon his phiz  
The Clown goes off to bed ;

But not to sleep! Lo! on the wall  
He sees a ghost arise,  
With frightful claws and lantern jaws,  
And great big horrid eyes!

It glares at him, it stares at him,  
And seems to take his breath ;  
He hides his head, he shakes the bed,  
Is almost scared to death!

The rats run riot round the floor,  
But oh, it grieves him that  
One brave as he must haunted be  
By ghost of Thomas Cat!









The Clown's a skillful fisherman, and sitting on the dock,  
He throws his hook and line, and waits until he feels a shock ;  
Then pulling in with all his might he slowly brings to shore  
A fish that must have weighed at least a hundred pounds or more.

He holds it tight, and Pantaloon to his assistance comes,  
But spite of all the fish slips through their fingers and their thumbs ;  
It hits the Clown and knocks him down ;—there is a lively time !  
And then it plunges in the sea, and ends the pantomime.











